

# the student

Wake Forest College

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Volume 78

Number 4

April, 1965



# the student

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**OUR COVER** Jane Boremnan tutors a student at the North Carolina Advancement School. She is one of many Wake Forest students seeking to serve the community and the State on an interracial basis.

Photo by Dick Radford.

# *The* **CASTAWAYS**

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# Profiles



**ALBERT HUNT**, associate editor of the *Old Gold and Black* and a political science major, abandons his journalistic bend of mind for a bit of fancy about the politics and practices of fraternities and societies that just couldn't have anything to do with Wake Forest. Or could it?

**SYLVIA PRIDGIN** writes of the annual, frustrating search of the perennially penniless college student. She offers some tips for fellow students who haven't found summer jobs yet and some comical observations on the occupations of those lucky few who have. Sylvia is a sophomore from Aiken, S. C.



**BETTY OWEN** read *Worlds in Collision* and got so excited about it that she did the unimaginable; she went to the Library and looked up a review of the book. She became so interested in the tempestuous history of the book itself and the questions that it raised that she wrote an article for *the student*. Betty is a senior from Waynesville majoring in English.



**EDWARD HARRINGTON**, a junior religion major, mulled over the problem of a Christian college for three years and then decided to find out what a "Christian" college really was. After talking with deans, chaplains, students, and professors, Ed wrote a penetrating analysis about a crucial issue for Wake Forest. Ed is from Williamston.



**MICKEY TAYLOR**, business manager of *the student* and **JO DE YOUNG**, student editor became concerned with the status of the Negro in Winston-Salem. Why, they wondered, were things so peaceful? Has Winston-Salem simply been putting up a good "front" to the rest of the nation? After talking with Negro and white leaders in the city, they present their combined findings in this issue.



**DONIA WHITELEY**, senior from Bethesda and convalescing editor of the *Howler*, has given *the student* her short story "Legions of Angels," a fine combination of wit and imagination which will not seem too far fetched for those commonly affected with vacation withdrawal symptoms.



**BRENDA HICKS**, believe it or not, was not born and raised in the College Theatre. She once visited a farm. Her vivid impressions gave rise to her short story in this issue. Brenda has illustrated the story herself. She is a senior from Akokeek, Md., and is the alternate Wake Forest exchange student to Berlin for next year.



**ANNE MARIE BATAc**, exchange student from Pau, France, has given *the student* her very lovely poem "Toussaint" in an English translation of her original French. *the student* includes the rhyming French version so that the language majors will have something to do in their free time.

**JOHN Q. GILTERHOPPER** appears again in this issue of *the student*. The fact that he is more than simply a senior religion major will have to be deduced from his poetry.



**BETH LOWE**, freshman from Charlotte, wrote "Ode to a Realist" as a pledge duty for a society and surprised herself and everyone else when she got through. *the student* is so glad to have her commentary that it will not quibble about "odes" and poetic inspiration.



**MARY LOU HAIL** offers in this issue of *the student* a collection of paintings. Mary Lou is a senior at Wake Forest studying art at Salem. She is from Lexington.



**LAURA JORDAN** makes her second appearance in *the student* as illustrator for "Another Race" and "Legions of Angels." Laura, the artistic wonder of the freshman class, has also demonstrated her talent as a folksinger at the coffeehouse in the Library.



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## Letters to the Editor

### Critic Writes

Dear Ertelle Brewer and Chris Frost,

I am a student, and when it comes out, usually read *The Student*. To say the least, I have been disappointed with the magazine and most of all, the poetry (?) in it. My high school, which isn't even the best high school in its state, had a much superior version of *The Student*. It is easy to criticize but difficult to improve something.

My rommy (sic), while feeling romantic one night, wrote his girl friend some poetry (?). I was quite surprised as anyone knowing him would be. I told him that if he ever felt moved again, to be sure to save for me whatever he wrote. Well Ertelle Brewer and Chris Frost, the other day with some coaxing, it happened, he wrote another poem. I'm sending it to you so that along with my criticism there will be some improvement. In fact, I feel that *The Student* is getting alot (sic) of improvement. "See the Snow" would ruin most collections of poetry, but *The Student*, I'm sorry to say, is an exception.

Sincerely,  
Emory Cason

### "See the Snow"

Look! See the snow flakes,  
See the big snow flakes,  
Aren't they pretty!!  
Pretty!! Pretty!! Pretty!!  
How long will they remain pretty?  
I wonder!! I wonder!!  
Gracious! they're lovely now,  
And to think, it's as late as March.  
Oh Lord! They're coming down in more abundance.  
Faster!! Faster!! Faster!!  
Why, it reminds me of the day my mother was born.  
You know, she was born in a blizzard.  
Oh soon the green tennis (sic) courts will be white,  
And dear Coach Leighton will be out with his bucket of hot water,  
And Coach Jordan, he too will be out on the cinders  
Brushing away the snow flakes with his broom.  
Oh! Oh! Oh!  
What conscientious responsible coaches we have!  
They make Wake Forest what it is,  
The olde Southern Baptist pile of Southern Baptists.  
And this is why I'm so grateful for this abundance of snow,  
it's covering up this . . . this  
Pile.  
Oh see the falling snow.

Perhaps your roommate should submit his poem to your high school magazine.—Ed.

### Professor Replies

Dear Miss DeYoung:

I have read all three issues of your magazine with great interest and edification, but my attention was especially drawn by the editorial in your most recent attempt. This piece of satire was unduly bitter in its condemnation of several members of the faculty of Wake Forest College, and I sincerely believe it my responsibility, as Chairman of the Department of Ethical Arts and Sciences, to respond in some way to your editorial.

Rather than point out the vicious fallacies contained in it, many of which were untrue, let me point out to you and your fellow students that almost all of you fall into categories, too. In fact, it has always been a source of amusement to me to observe the ways in which students tend to resemble the lower animals. Let me share some of my observations with you.

One extremely common variety on this campus is the fluffy-feathered ostrich, which is usually female. The fluffy-feathered ostrich is distinguished by its continually changing array of "feathers"; culottes this week, textured stockings the next. Its apparently permanent molting season leaves this bird with its head in the ground almost all the time on such things as education or even general culture.

A major predator of the fluffy-feathered ostrich is the beady-eyed timberwolf. This genuinely malicious beast appears to spend much of its time sitting on the walls around the College Plaza hungrily eyeing the passing ostriches and licking its lecherous chops.

He is not to be confused with the great drooling flycatcher who is equally predatory, but ignores live ostriches in favor of those pictured in the



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Across From Tavern on The Green on Cherry St.

slick-covered journals. Far different is the grubby-coated 'possum, often male, the work-too-hard student who is so concerned with the "true realities of life" that he often forgets to take a bath.

The fresh-frozen perch is an interesting species, indeed. He is the student who is so cool that he has become literally frozen, thawing only slightly in the warmth of a long weekend. He is the mortal enemy of the one-eyed grasshopper, the eminently sincere and eminently dull student for whom the meaning of life is continual study and no more. Though his vision seldom goes beyond the nearest book, he knows he will go far with his hard earned "A" in "Pseudo-Syriatic Sirocco Literature of the 1300's."

Another interesting variety is the green-coated martinet, an animal who appears in my classes on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday wearing a disguise provided by the ROTC Department. Green-coated martinets have the unfortunate tendency to assume that since they must enter a zoo immediately after graduation, all non-zoo oriented education is valueless. Coming from a similar campus locale is the great smelly walrus, whose liberal education includes "Recreation Leadership" and precious little else.

At one extreme from the great smelly walrus is the exotic grumblefuss, often of Yankee origin, for whom this College offers no challenge. In protest to the apathy around him, the exotic grumblefussi indulge in private Renaissances of poetry, art and coffeehouse sitting, often ending their protests by creatively flunking out.

In their protests, the grumblefussi are often joined by the pink-nosed Nepalese weasels, who protect themselves by obscuring their Wilkes County accents behind a flood of European mannerisms. Thus, they become the antithesis of the Piedmont yokels, an extremely common variety on this campus, whose remarkable thick hides, generally resembling those of hippopotomi, are wholly impenetrable to any sort of education. The continuation of the Hegelian analogy to any sort of synthesis is too frightful to be considered.

A less common, but most obnoxious, species is the ink-fingered orangu-tan, often found in its dens along Pub Row. The psychological make-up of the ink-fingered orangu-tan is such that it assumes that anything it does is news and anything it thinks is literary. The ink-fingered orangu-tans are usually dominated by the males of the species,



though a distinct matriarchy has appeared during this year.

Similar to the ink-fingered orangu-tan is the slippery coated eel, which also tends to congregate on Pub Row, but at the Plaza end in the offices euphemistically referred to as those of student government. The slippery-coated eel, while not actually dishonest, is extremely shrewd in all his dealings and is most proficient in creating an aura of activity where no activity exists. The eel is not to be confused with the challenging cuckoo who once inhabited the same dens, but who is now virtually extinct, thanks to the fact that his emerging world has fully emerged.

I could go on for pages mentioning other varieties, such as the squealing titmouse, an extremely vocal little animal who assumes that there is some virtue in argumentation for its own sake; its cousin, the nearsighted parrot, which tends to inhabit a loft in the College Library; the giddy-eyed earthworms, whose continual peering into microscopes have left them bleary-eyed and woozy-brained; their near relations, the green coated

headshrinkers, who take their pleasure in electroding rat brains and teaching cockroaches to walk in circles and assuming that this tells us something about man. It surely tells us something about the green-coated headshrinkers!

But dearest to my heart is the fusty-furred nitpicker, a beast which, I sincerely believe, is becoming more common on our campus. The fusty-furred nitpicker is a faithful reader of footnotes, a loyal copier of academic absurdia and frightfully sincere about the grind. Many of these will eventually pass through a transitional phase known as graduate school and emerge fully clad professors, thus continuing our great American tradition of liberal education.

With the hope that my little letter will be of some value, I remain

Faithfully yours,

J. Worthington Snipe  
Chairman

Department of Ethical Arts  
and Sciences

## HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY

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*Printers of The Student*

# The Negro In Winston-Salem

by Jo DeYoung  
and Mickey Taylor

While cities in the Deep South reel under massive demonstrations and violence in the fight for Negro voting rights, the mayor of Winston-Salem can boast that the city's Negro citizens would rather talk than march, as they enjoy the city's hotels, motels, restaurants, theatres, schools, swimming pools, and hospitals. With the exception of the sit-in demonstrations at Winston-Salem lunch counters in the spring of 1960, there has been no open racial conflict for the last two decades.

What factors contribute to a situation which many turbulent cities would envy, if Winston-Salem, a city which is thirty per cent Negro, is indeed a city of equal opportunity? What problems still exist for the Negro in Winston-Salem under the peaceful exterior the city presents?

To find answers to these questions, *the student* interviewed three reporters from the *Winston-Salem Journal*, the mayor of Winston-Salem, and the president and a professor at Winston-Salem State College.

One of the biggest factors in the present racial harmony, according to Dr. Kenneth Williams, president of Winston-Salem State, is faith that the city is moving in the right direction, going at a speed which one reporter described as "proper speed for Negroes to move without inciting the 'rednecks' to riot."

Efforts to deal with possible racial friction started as early as 1948, when the first bi-racial Community Relations Project was undertaken with the financial backing of the Rockefeller Foundation. In 1957, Winston-Salem, along with Greensboro and Charlotte, quietly desegregated its school system. One Negro girl entered Reynolds High School with the backing of fifty top Winston-Salem civic leaders.

According to Chester Davis of the *Winston-Salem Journal*, the 1960 sit-ins were not isolated incidents, but part of a wave which "swept across the state and the South in six weeks."

After trouble in Montgomery, Ala., and in High Point, the Goodwill Committee was established in May, 1963. According to Mayor M. C. Benton, its concern was with the following four

areas: hotels and motels, eating establishments, places of entertainment, and education. Within two weeks, all hotels and motels desegregated; the more numerous restaurants took longer. Theatres removed racial bars within a few weeks, the downtown theatres first, then the drive-ins.

Underlying the white attitude has been the fact that the stereotype of the Negro in Winston-Salem is far different from that in the Deep South, where the backwoods sharecropper who comes into town for Saturday night exhibits behavior which is considered "typical." In Winston-Salem, a substantial group of Negroes have money enough to live well. "Therefore, the prospect of integration has not been so frightening," said Dr. Daisy Balsley, professor of English at Winston-Salem State. Negro membership in the city's cultural programs has also contributed to the city's acceptance of the Negro. "The presence of just one can do a great deal towards alleviating shock," she said.

"Winston-Salem put Negroes where people can see them and not back in a room at the back," commented Roy Thompson of the *Winston-Salem Journal*, referring to Negro clerks now working in many stores.

If the city's industries have enabled some Negroes to enjoy the comforts of good housing and culture, the companies themselves have also contributed a great deal to racial harmony.

"Alabama and Mississippi have been set back decades (in industry) by racial problems they've had," Thompson commented.

National firms with home offices in the city feel that racial harmony is essential to financial success in a multi-racial market, Davis indicated. Industrial leaders desegregated without external pressure. Reynolds Tobacco Company quietly desegregated all areas, including work lines, cafeterias, and washrooms.

Another element in the city's climate, said Dr. Balsley, is the absence of suspicion of political exploitation which exists in other southern communities.

"The lines of communication between Negroes and whites have been kept open," said Dr. Williams. For the past fifteen years, Negroes have been involved in policy-making. Winston-Salem was



*Courtesy of Billy Barnes and The North Carolina Fund*

one of the first cities to elect a Negro alderman. Negroes are on virtually every board and work in every federal agency in the city. The city could improve in this respect, said Luix Overbea of the *Winston-Salem Journal*, but Negroes "don't feel the city is too unfair . . . They feel progress is always being made."

Winston-Salem has strong community leadership, but there is some disagreement as to its unity and the extent of its influence. Some, such as Dr. Wil-

liams and Mayor Benton, felt that Negro leadership was essentially unified. Others, such as Thompson and Overbea, asserted that it was divided.

Dr. Williams said that Negro leaders have been able to cooperate and to inspire the confidence of the Negro citizens. Negro leadership has been so responsible and representative that it has thus far been impossible for dissenters to form splinter groups. This agreement has been a large factor in the lack of violence in the city, he said.

Overbea felt that "no city-wide organization can speak for the Negro." Negro organizations carry on routine business, rallying when a unifying problem arises. Leadership depends on the changing situation; Negroes follow those who represent their best interests.

Many Negro groups are vying for leadership, said Thompson. CORE threatens the existence of the NAACP because it is "Uncle Tom" (accommodating), insisting that the NAACP is not working for the strong position for Negroes.

"Race is the single most important social problem of the South," said Davis. Here in Winston-Salem, what are the most important problems that the Negro faces? Job opportunities and education were the overwhelming answers.

Dr. Williams pointed out that scientific and managerial positions are particularly difficult to obtain. A Ph.D. in physics, for example, would find it difficult to obtain a non-teaching position.

"Negro college graduates do not find jobs in Winston-Salem," said Overbea. Interns who come to the city for training are not welcomed and do not remain. Therefore, Negroes with money-making potential are the ones who leave Winston-Salem. Winston-Salem does not get one Negro doctor, dentist, or lawyer per year, he said. Winston-Salem has something to offer the non-professional man, but there is little recognition for those Negroes who achieve in other fields. Winston-Salem State College, for example, is better recognized other places than it is here.

Dr. Williams pointed out that low wages paid for certain jobs, particularly for domestic and unskilled workers, present a problem. Some Negro workers make only \$.85 an hour. "No one can live on that," he said.

The Negro businessman faces a growing problem in urban renewal. "There is a certain stigma attached to 'Negro' business," said Dr. Balsley. A Negro businessman does not feel that he is a businessman first and a Negro only incidentally. He fears that, no matter where he is located, he will be able to attract only Negro patronage.

Negroes fear that urban renewal may become "Negro removal," said Overbea. Third Street businessmen must move from the center of Negro shopping. Negroes cannot get to a shopping center conveniently, as many of them ride the buses downtown. Many Negroes feel that urban renewal is

a negative approach. Whites have made no effort to relocate Negro places of business.

If the Negro businessman, on the other hand, is relocated in an area frequented primarily by white shoppers, he fears he will lose his patrons and consequently his business, said Dr. Balsley.

In the professional and scientific fields in Winston-Salem, the lack of Negroes has been due in large part to the scarcity of Negroes who could qualify for these jobs in strict competition with whites, Dr. Balsley admitted. As job opportunities open up, she said, more Negroes will study science in college with an eye toward being able, for the first time, to do something other than teach. Winston-Salem State College has been limited to teaching until now; it is trying to strengthen its liberal arts program.

Negro education is a continued problem related to employment. Negro schools are poorly equipped, poorly maintained, and outmoded, said Dr. Williams. "They need upgrading."

But there are other problems which underlie the practical ones. "The biggest problem in Winston-Salem is trust," said Overbea. Negroes feel that if the whites would fulfill their words, there would be fewer problems.

"The Negro still generally suspects that no white person really cares about him except when he has something to sell or to buy," said Dr. Balsley. Since Winston-Salem has had no violence, some Negroes fear that the city will not be made dramatically aware of subtle discriminatory attitudes. A stalemate will result, and there will be no progress. There is also a fear of token integration. Negroes are afraid that they are just being pacified.

Citizens of Winston-Salem are working to alleviate problems in education and employment. "Winston-Salem is big enough to push racial problems aside and continue with an aggressive program," said Mayor Benton.

The Urban League is working to open jobs for Negroes. Negroes themselves are active in such organizations as the Welfare Board, the Goodwill Committee, the Urban League, the Experiment in Self-Reliance, and adult education programs. Plans are afoot for school construction, a new integrated hospital in East Winston, and urban renewal.

But, said Dr. Balsley, all these programs are subordinate to a realization by the citizens of Winston-Salem that "the objective of the Negro are those of anyone else. He wants to be accepted."

## Ode To A Realist

Come, battered muse, migrate  
from that dusty urn  
while I ponder weak and weary.  
There are the  
living  
to attend to . . .

Believe me, kiddo  
My group had 99 44/100% fewer  
cavities  
in this  
land of  
Spearmint gum  
and Bass Weejuns  
and  
God  
bless  
America  
in unison let us sing  
to the white tornado  
VIVE L'AMOUR

Never mind Lizzie Browning  
in her archaism; "How do  
I  
love thee? She had it  
all wrong.

What does "Love thee to the depths"  
have to do with anything?

You're a one dab man —  
a little dab'll do ya.

I  
know  
the  
absolute truth.

You buy the license—I'll buy the Lennox  
vive l'amour

What  
else  
matters  
?

Beth Lowe

# One Rock, One Kid

by Brenda Hicks





No Man's Land wasn't close. Amy and 'Rella could guide Bonnet over their choice of tangled roads before they came to the group of houses which they had named No Man's Land. By the time they had come to the first house they were uncomfortable enough to prefer getting off Bonnet and leading him through.

Many families lived here, the Thespers, the Mackeys, the Venables — usually undisturbed save for their family disputes. They were numerous and tangled kin to one another. Zimmerman, who shod their horses, kept most of his family here, and his family kept numerous hounds. Hounds were good for nothing except eating old biscuits and chasing strangers. 'Rella's switch could threaten the dogs, but Bonnet usually mistook the waving for his own signal and broke loose with a glorious wake of dogs in chorus behind him.

Amy and 'Rella had been warned about their trips through here. But this morning the people in the houses seemed unaware of the transient pretenders going in front of their yards.

"Whose house is that?"

"Mackeys."

"Are they like the Zimmermans?"

"Worse."

"What do they do if you're just walking by?"

"Chase you."

"No, they wouldn't. They probably wouldn't even get up off their porch. How many of them are there?"

"Mother, father, two big boys, a girl about like us, and a little one."

"They don't chase you. They wouldn't chase us."

"Why not? They don't know who you are."

"What difference would that make anyway?"

"If they knew you were Mr. Whythe's granddaughter, they'd be afraid to."

"Papa's not mean."

"He wouldn't have to be. He's strong."

"But he's little."

"No difference."

"Are you sure that's all there are? Just six?"

"No, I'm not sure."

"Looks like somebody else too."

"They really need somebody else in there with them."

"Are you kidding, Amy?"

"Yeah."

There was someone else appearing. He eased out the half-hinged door, looking mean. 'Rella watched

him idly crack-twig after twig in his hands.

"Dare you to call him dirty."

"Why?"

"Just to see what he'll do."

"I know what he'll do."

"What?"

"Well, I don't know really. He'd probably run us."

"We could outrun him."

"Lord, I know it."

"Then call him a dirty Mackey."

"Maybe he's not a Mackey."

"He's dirty like 'em isn't he?"

"Kinda."

"Then he's a Mackey."

"Let's don't bother them."

"You're afraid."

"I'm not."

"Maybe not."

Their conversation had almost removed them from the action on the Mackey's front porch and its sleeping occupants, now beginning to stir. A foot moved from its cramped position. An arm stretched upward through the surrounding porch and family air. The movement continued in its slow chain as each individual woke. And then, half asleep, the Mackeys discovered the two small people halted in their front yard. They looked baffled.

"Dirty Mackeys?" Amy shouted it as loud as she could and canceled her own dare. 'Rella had waited too long thinking. Amy couldn't wait. Whonk! The stranger threw a rock. It didn't stop until it spit all the way across the road and into the bushes, right between the girls, low on the ground. Not a bad shot.

Now 'Rella fitted a rock into her hand and threw it with hte whole effort of her arm arced down in a semi-circle behind it. It hit the littlest Mackey.

When 'Rella straightened up, she saw that the sleeping Mackeys had gone wild. Mrs. Mackey shouted from her porch.

"Who's your mother, little girl? Who's your mother, I said. You answer me. You don't think I'm going to sit here and take that, you little smart 'eleck. Lord, I'll tell your mother and I'll have her rightly beat the fire out of you."

'Rella waited to speak, tightening four fingers over her thumb, and watched Mrs. Mackey turn back to her child. "Tell her! I don't care if you do. You just tell her." And she relaxed.

*Continued on Page 32*

Je ne sais pas si je suis triste,  
 Je ne sais pas si je suis gaie  
 J'attends . . . Je n'attends plus . . . J'assiste  
 En essayant de croire que cela c'est la paix  
 Le jour des morts tire en longueur  
 Sous un ciel bleu déplacé et moqueur—  
 Le village revit de voitures et de gens  
 Qui vont au cimetière ressusciter leurs morts  
 Et passent dans la rue avec recueillement.  
 Mais moi, je n'ai personne que j'aimais et qui dort  
 Sous un marbre poli, glacial et anonyme,  
 —Les séjours se ressemblent au bord du noir abîme—  
 Alors, je reste là, assise à ma fenêtre,  
 Sentant grandir le froid qui engourdit mon être,  
 N'ayant plus ni envie de partir ou rester,  
 Ne pensant même pas, laissant venir les heures,  
 Inutiles, sans surprises, désirs, ou peurs.  
 Et les bruits du village, montent jusque vers moi,  
 Indifférent et seule, j'écoute, sans emoi  
 Le cantique chanté par l'abbé, les repons  
 Des fidèles, chœur ivre d'espoir, de souvenirs,  
 Qui monte malgré eux vers un néant profond  
 Car ce n'est pas la foi qui pourra "le" bâtir.  
 —Les moineaux dans l'if chantent sans savoir pourquoi—  
 Je sens le monde vivre tout autour de moi;  
 Le ciel, le vent, les nuages, les fleurs dans le jardin,  
 Le soleil, les maisons, les arbres, le matin,  
 Tout paraît clair et vrai et beau et bénéfique . . .  
 Et pourtant je me sens, assise à ma fenêtre,  
 Comme une ronce morte quand le printemps va naître,  
 Un nuage noir de pluie dans un ciel magnifique,  
 Somnambule en plein jour dans un monde inconnu,  
 Ecrasée sous le poids d'une réalité  
 Que je ne peux saisir, ni comprendre, perdue  
 Malgré de vains efforts dans un cauchemard vrai  
 Spectatrice étrangère, échouée là par hasard,  
 Et qui attend la mort, pour peut-être-savoir.

Toussaint \*

\* All Saint's Day

I do not know if I am sad  
 I do not know if I am gay  
 I wait . . . I wait no more . . . I exist . . .  
 trying to believe that this is peace.  
 Toussaint spins out  
 under a blue, improper, scoffer sky.  
 The village lives again of cars and people  
 who go to the churchyard to resuscitate their dead  
 and pass the street, meditating soundly.  
 But for me there is no one that I have loved and who sleeps  
 under a glossy and glacial anonymous stele  
 —the dwellings are alike on the edge of the black abyss—  
 so I remain here, sitting by my window,  
 feeling the cold increase and benumb my being  
 with neither the sense of leaving nor staying,  
 without even thinking, letting the hours come,  
 useless, without surprises, desires or fears.  
 The sounds of the village climb toward me;  
 indifferent, alone, I hear without feeling  
 the hymn sung by the priest, the responses  
 of the faithful, a chorus drunk of hopes, of souvenirs,  
 which ascends towards a deep void.  
 For whatever they say, faith will not create "him."  
 The sparrows in the yew sing without knowing why.  
 I feel the whole world live everywhere around me:  
 the sky, the wind, the clouds, the flowers in the garden,  
 the sun, the houses, the trees, and the morning.  
 All seems so clear and true and beautiful and kind . . .  
 And yet, sitting by my window I seem  
 a dead bramble when spring is about to be born,  
 a cloud swollen with rain in a magnificent sky  
 somnambulist at day in an unknown world  
 overburdened from the weight of a reality  
 that I can neither seize nor understand, lost  
 in spite of vain efforts in a truthful nightmare,  
 an alien spectator, stranded accidentally here  
 waiting for death, perhaps for knowing.

by Anne Marie Batac

# A Collection

by Mary



Tempera

Oil



Lou Hall



Oil

# Church and College: Incompatible?

by Edward Harrington, Jr.

A "church-related" college is, in the minds of many people, particularly in the South, a quaint, small town college where professors lecture sedately about Biblical texts during the week and teach Sunday School on Sunday, and where young ladies and gentlemen converse at arm's length on benches underneath stately magnolia trees.

But last November, the campus of a "church-related" college, Wake Forest, shook to the music of the frug and the hully-gully as students danced, screamed and "rioted" in protest to the decision of the Baptist Convention of North Carolina not to permit the College to add non-Baptists to its Board of Trustees. One of the most loudly cheered actions during the "protest" was the unrolling of a large sign whose message was photographed in national news media. This action and others like it have caused some observers to label Wake Forest "the most anti-religious campus in the state."

Wake Forest has declared itself to be, "by heritage and by choice," a "Christian college." If this College is to achieve the greatness for which it has the potential, then it must honestly ask what place "Christian commitment" has in its educational system, and indeed whether it has any place at all.

Before any attempt is made to discern whether this college may legitimately call itself "Christian," and claim to strive for "Christian ideals," the question of what the College really is and for what purpose it really exists must be asked. The standard "catalogue definition" of the College fails to take into account these fundamental questions. There is a tendency to speak of Wake Forest's objectives in terms of "values" and "ideals" that are somehow to be instilled in the minds of the students, and to leave out how this transformation is to take place.

Granted that these human values should take precedence over Wake Forest's magnificent (modified) Georgian campus and projected development programs which at times make the College seem

to consist chiefly of bricks, mortar, and endowment figures; there is a concept of a college that is still more fundamental.

A college is basically a community of people bound together in the mutual enterprise of learning, whose purpose is not only the production of knowledge, but also disciplined inquiry into various areas of human concern.

If this college is genuinely involved in the enterprise of education, then it must be committed to the very highest goals of higher education and must seek in every way to comply with and surpass the accepted standards of academic excellence. Any other commitment, must be regarded as a secondary concern and must in no way interfere with the function of the educational system.

There are many who would argue that Wake Forest has the obligation to be a "Christian college" because of its relationship with the North Carolina Baptist Convention. The Baptist State Convention was actually founded to encourage higher education in a Christian context in North Carolina. It, in turn, founded Wake Forest in 1834 with the intention that the College educate North Carolina Baptist clergy and laity. This worthwhile, if rather limited, goal was held by the College during its early years.

As the College grew in size and importance, it broadened its interpretation of the meaning of Christian education, welcoming students of other denominations and convictions. But through most of its history, including the great debate over evolution in the 1920's, the College remained closely tied to the Convention. Even as late as 1951, the *Howler* gave major coverage to such Baptist organizations as the Sunday School and Baptist Training Union.

But to insist that the College is related to the Baptist Convention as it was in 1940 or even in 1955 would be to fail to recognize that the one-time "child" of the Convention has "grown-up."



Wake Forest is no longer so vital to the educational program of North Carolina Baptists, since educational opportunities in the state, including the development of two other four-year Baptist colleges, have increased tremendously. This College has developed far beyond the needs of one state and one denomination; its influence and obligations are no longer regional and sectarian. They are national and non-partisan. Wake Forest is committed to the enterprise of education in its own right, and *Pro humanitate* has acquired a new dimension of meaning in the College's purpose.

Many Baptists are today trying to re-examine the traditional concepts of "Christian education" and "church related college" in the light of the needs of contemporary society. One of the most important areas under examination is the realm of financial support. The North Carolina Baptist Convention no longer contributes a major share to the financial support of Wake Forest. In fact, contributions from the Baptist Convention cover only about three per cent of the College's operations and capital development budget.

The Convention's attitude in the meantime is paradoxical. On the one hand, the Convention has essentially affirmed Wake Forest's status as an independent educational institution by encouraging the College to develop a graduate program on the promise that it would do so with non-denominational assistance. On the other hand, the Convention has refused to allow Wake Forest's independence to be mirrored in its trustee structure and continues to interfere in areas of College policy which are rightly the sole prerogative of the Board of Trustees.

When Wake Forest declares that it is affiliated with the Convention "by choice," the term has a hollow ring. We ask, "By whose choice?" It is significant that some speak in secular terms such as "control" and "impeachment." It may be appropriate that they do so, since many responsible leaders question whether they are motivated as much by Christian love as by the desire for personal power. The relationship of the College to the Convention is at the present a moot question, but it is a question that many people realize cannot continue to remain unsolved.

Until such time as a decision regarding this issue is made, either in the courts or in the Convention, Wake Forest must conduct a sincere dialogue within its own community as to whether "to intensify

its effort" to achieve perfection in "Christian ideals" is consistent with efforts to achieve excellence in the enterprise of education.

It should be asked whether Wake Forest's professed commitment to "Christian education" is really so Christian as it is said to be. A prime example of this is in the area of faculty appointments. Even the most casual observer will note that Wake Forest has not a single faculty member who is Jewish, Negro or Roman Catholic. While the College takes pride in considering its student body to be cosmopolitan, and specifically states that this cosmopolitan character is expressed in "terms of background, outlook and religious affiliation," this interest in cosmopolitanism apparently does not apply to the faculty.

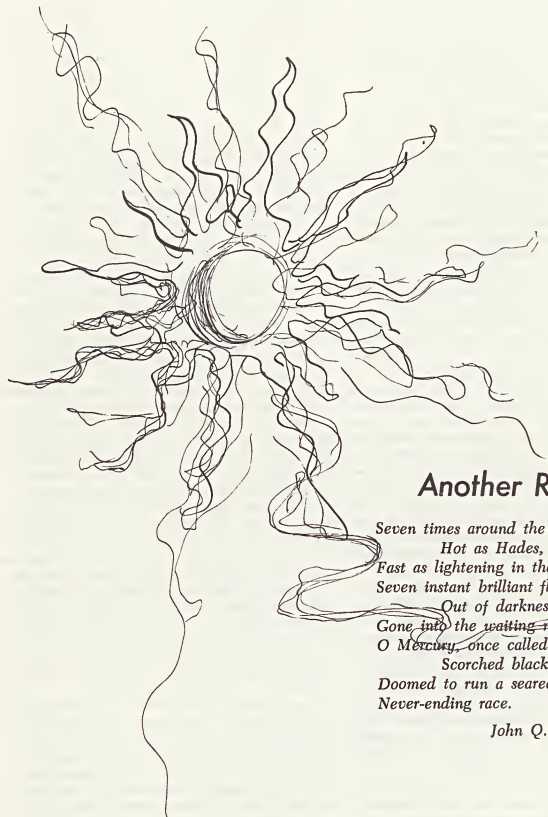
It has been stated that the lack of Negro faculty personnel does not indicate a conscious racial discrimination in faculty appointments, but rather who would meet Wake Forest's standards. The possible difficulty of interesting qualified Negroes in teaching in a predominately white college in the South has also been mentioned.

The situation in regards to the religious affiliation of faculty members is somewhat different.

The fact that the College faculty is composed almost entirely of Protestants leads one inevitably to conclude that religious affiliation is a primary, though unofficial, consideration in faculty selection. It should be observed that such implied discrimination is not only in opposition to Wake Forest's professed desires to establish a faculty of outstanding academic reputation, but is also inconsistent with the Christian ideal of the universal brotherhood of man and the traditional Baptist principle of religious toleration. To insist for any reason that the religious affiliation of a potential faculty member should be a criterion in his evaluation is to deny a principle of freedom basic to the process of education and to undermine the "wholesome, Christian atmosphere" said to be on the campus.

This is not to say that Wake Forest should not have the right to demand certain qualifications in its faculty above basic academic credentials. Academic freedom is possible only as the other side of academic responsibility. A teacher must not only speak with academic competence; he must also participate fully in the community of which he is a part. This involves, among other things, enter-

*Continued on Page 35*



## Another Race

Seven times around the sun,  
Hot as Hades,  
Fast as lightening in the night,  
Seven instant brilliant flashes  
Out of darkness,  
Gone into the waiting night.  
O Mercury, once called a god  
Scorched black cinder  
Doomed to run a seared and ragged  
Never-ending race.

John Q. Gilterhopper

# Fratavia

by Albert Hunt

Recently, while scouring the wilds of Africa, several sociologists stumbled over what could be the most remarkable discovery in years, the remains of an ancient society which died at least 5,000 years ago.

To date, this society, dubbed "Fratavia," has exhibited some extremely unusual characteristics. In the first place, scholars have been amazed to find a community power structure of such scope and strength, demanding complete conformity of its members. Secondly, Fratavia was marked by exclusivism in its selection of members.

Actually, Fratavia was part of a still larger community called Magnolda, but the other inhabitants, commonly called Gdis, were so insignificant that they merit little attention. Only one isolated incident is worth noting. Records indicate that a Gdi once decided to run for chief of Magnolda and, to do so, managed to join a Fratavia group. The poor Gdis saw nothing offensive in the transformation, and the conscientious Fratavians were so delighted that one of "their kind" was running that the vote was nearly unanimous. This episode is interesting for its rather bizarre footnote. The dissenting votes in the election were cast for a wild boar.

But even with the Fratavia, all was not harmonious. They seem to have split into nine or ten splinter groups. (The existence of one group is still highly controversial. Sociologists are currently attempting to link this group conclusively with some unidentified remains unearthed near the sacrificial burning place.)

Predictably, there was a female counterpart to the male sect; this was the Sociata. The chief difference was that while each Fratavia group lived together in one cave, the Sociata inhabited tree houses indiscriminately with female Gdis. The chief group activities of the Sociata were such female songfests as existed before Susan B. Anthony.

Every autumn, the various Fratavia groups would converge on the young men of Magnolda and, by trick, treachery, or terror, coerce them into joining their respective sects. The Sociata groups held their rites later in the year. Inducements included offers of baubles, buttons and beads; keys to the quizzical mysteries of the elders; and guarantees of a budding

relation with the Sociata or their arch-enemy, the Salamia. It should be noted that during these rituals, words of truth were strictly forbidden. (This behavior seems later to have been quite instrumental in bringing the downfall of Fratavian civilization.)

When deciding upon membership, each group had its own criterion. One judged primarily on the acceptability of the loin clothes worn by prospective members. Another placed heavy emphasis on a youth's ability to move his feet while holding on to a protrusion at the entrance of the cave. This was, apparently, a most difficult task, as there were six basic steps which had to be followed perfectly in order to qualify. Since only this sect mastered these steps, and since they did not write down their secret, little is known of the technicalities of this performance.

Still another group stressed their ability to mimic certain animals. In contrast to this longing for coarseness was another group's geographical basis for selection. This group felt that Southern Magnoldans were better suited to the "Fratavia way of life." At the sporting events this group would grab a leaf bearing the South Magnolda ensignia and race around madly, screaming and yelling outdated revolutionary slogans.

These groups had numerous other customs. For example, each group had a unique way of greeting one another, a ritual both secret and sacred.

Also, each sect placed a certain insignia on their chests, a true means of identification for any soul who might wonder about their affiliation.

Another ritual practiced by one of the Fratavian sects was cliff hanging. This group would sit on the wall of their cave just to gaze at the lower forms of animals passing by. The purpose of this custom has not yet been determined, although some evidence indicates that this was a form of idol worship. (However, there is a quite respectable hypothesis that this was self-worship.)

The Sociata held many of the same values as the Fratavia, but they were less successful in exhibiting group beliefs. Their organization was arranged to prohibit selectivity, and any card-hold-

*Continued on Page 36*

# The Poet In College

by Jerry Matherly

*the student has received a great quantity of poetry this year, most of which has not merited publication. For the benefit of those who demand of us "a standard for judging poetry," we have reprinted this article which appeared in the April 30, 1958 issue of the student. A former editor of the student, Mr. Matherly is now assistant editor of all publications of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.—Ed.*

The sheer bulk of poetry submitted to the magazine has always been a source of amazement for the editors. Year after year the number of poems brought to the editors' attention has kept at the near unbelievable rate of seven to ten a week. Short-stories, if it is anything like a "lucky" year, will make their appearance only about seven times in the course of the whole nine months. And essays are in the same rare category as the fiction. But poetry continues to flow into the office until the filing cabinets are running over and the reading time of the staff nearly exhausted.

To any reader of the magazine, however, it must be quite obvious that little — indeed only a very minute part — of the total mass of student-written poetry ever reaches the pages of the magazine. The reason is simple enough: ninety per cent of the works submitted are bad. Perhaps "bad" is a strong word, but the editors must judge the works as poetry and most of the would-be poems never make the grade. Generally the poets have something to say; we will grant them that. It is not as if they have decided they would like to see their names in print and so have sat down and dashed off a few lines to be rushed to the magazine office. The proverbial boat is missed by most student poets not because they have failed to think but because they failed to understand the nature of poetry.

Poetry is not merely an outlet for some deeply felt emotion; it is not merely a vehicle for parading a favorite idea or theory. Like all art forms it has its techniques, and the quality of a poem, to a large extent, depends on how well these techniques have been learned. Craftsmanship and emotion must go hand and hand; the true expression of the one depends on the proper use of the other. Student

poets generally fail to realize this fact, this necessity. Some of them may be vaguely conscious of hearing about meter, rhyme, and stanza in their English classes, but they certainly show little evidence of having understood their proper use.

Many of the poems, for instance, rhyme well enough. That is to say "sky" rhymes with "tie" or "sighing" with "flying" or even — Heaven forbid — "love" with "dove". The use of the couplet is a difficult thing. The greatest poets of the English language have had trouble with it, and contemporary poets shy away from it as if it were the plague itself. There is little wonder, then, that inexperienced writers should be guilty of its malusage. The easiest way to avoid such obvious pitfalls is simply not to use them unless one is absolutely sure (or nearly as it is humanly possible) that the rhyme is of definite originality and value. Of course one cannot tell a poet what to do and expect him to follow advice blindly, but one can warn and point out the more dangerous curves in the road.

Still it is not the misuse of certain poetic tools that makes most of the poetry bad. They contribute to the overall effect and in rare instances, if they were omitted or changed, a good poem could be produced. The major difficulty is with the more important matter of metaphor. T. S. Eliot, Robert Penn Warren, and other poets and critics have painfully pointed out that the metaphor is the very soul of poetry. More than any other artist the poet is acutely aware of the necessity for saying things that are old in a new way. A young man in love, spring, rain, a sunset are all accepted — and rightly so — themes for the poet. Such themes have been written about in great volume for ages and will continue to be written about just as voluminously. That comparatively little poetry has survived the passage of centuries can be easily verified by any scholar who has had to take a very long look into the "dusty lumber room" of literature. In the future the case will be the same: little poetry will survive. The poetry that survives is poetry that is the most original in its presentation of presupposed depth. By original there is not meant to be a connotation of shocking. Anyone who has come up against the hopeless quackery of some modern writers will realize that the freak in poetry has little place unless it is used with a great deal of insight. Most student writers fail to present their ideas in a new way; they fail, perhaps are simply unable, to use

a striking metaphor for beauty's sake. They are content to arrange their thinking into patterned lines and to call it poetry.

An answer to this problem can be made by the type of reading done by the students. Many of them seem to have read only Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lear. Their poetry consequently commits the sins these two poets were guilty of in a much lesser degree. On the other hand, some of the young poets seem to have read only Cummings or Eliot or Auden (and these in small doses, and their poetry suffers from an over emphasis on the esoteric and the unusual. It is not unusual for students attracted to this type of poetry to rant and rave to the editors that they (the editors) do not wish to publish anything "worthwhile", i.e., anything difficult to understand. What they fail to realize is that difficulty in poetry does not make it worthwhile. Puzzles may be fun to work, but there are more valuable ways to spend one's time, especially if one wants to become a poet in any measure.

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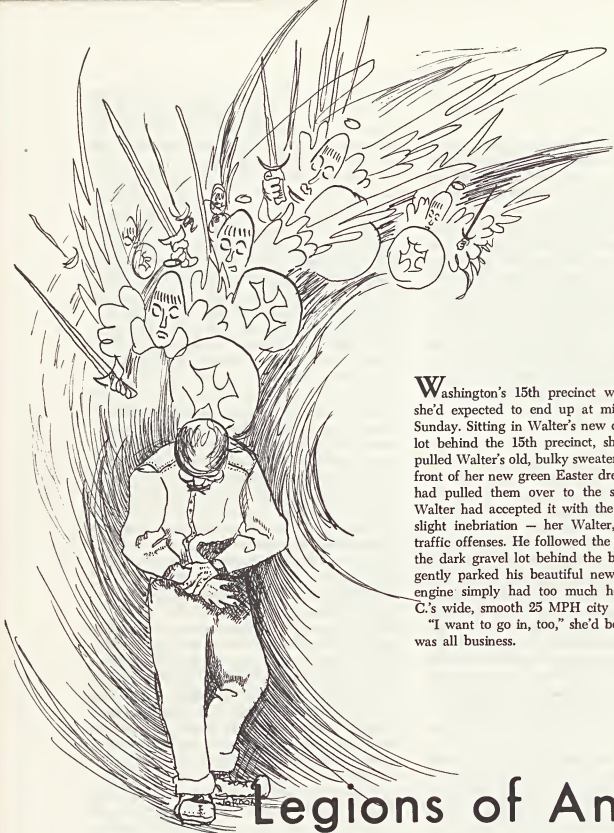
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Washington's 15th precinct was the last place she'd expected to end up at midnight on Easter Sunday. Sitting in Walter's new car in the parking lot behind the 15th precinct, she grew cold and pulled Walter's old, bulky sweater closed across the front of her new green Easter dress. When the cop had pulled them over to the side of the street Walter had accepted it with the casualness of his slight inebriation — her Walter, stoic veteran of traffic offenses. He followed the black cruiser into the dark gravel lot behind the brick building and gently parked his beautiful new speedster whose engine simply had too much horsepower for D. C.'s wide, smooth 25 MPH city streets.

"I want to go in, too," she'd begged, but Walter was all business.

## Legions of Angels

by Donia Whiteley

"Stay in the car," he'd told her firmly, as he slammed the door. "If they give me any stuff about it, I can always bring up the District Attorney." After he crunched across the gravel after the policeman and disappeared through the screen door, she settled back against the red leather seat and hummed to herself, waiting for him to come back out.

*Oh Susanna, Oh don't you cry for me—  
For I'm going to Alabama  
With a banjo on my knee . . .*

The midnight April wind was moving mysteriously in the upper limbs of the huge trees that towered over the brick building, but the girl wanted to go inside. When she went back to school after vacation, she wanted to be able to tell them she spent Easter night down at the 15th precinct.

*This little coed went to market,  
This little coed stayed home,  
This little coed went to the Rathskeller,  
This little coed had none,  
And this little coed spent the night  
in the D. C. jail.*

She smiled dreamily to herself and slitted her eyes. Wasn't that a hitching post over on the other side of the parking lot, behind those buckboards?

She heard the slam of a screen door and the jingle of spurs, and the next thing she knew, an officer had his head poked in Walter's car window. "Better come on inside," he said gruffly. "Your drunk boyfriend's gettin' smart with the desk sergeant."

"He's not drunk, exactly," the girl smiled to herself, contented to be going inside. She straightened her bonnet and gathered her shawl and petticoats and skirts and let the deputy help her down from the stagecoach. Didn't she know the gleam of a silver star and the squeaky smell of a leather gunbelt? The horses neighed and stamped quietly as she followed the lawman's jingling spurs into the building, skirts swishing gracefully across the gravel.

*It rained so hard the day I left,  
The weather it was dry . . .*

Down a corridor and into a brightly-lighted room, she found Walter sitting in a chair with his head resting back against the ugly yellow wall. He looked at her flatly as she walked in.

*The sun so hot I froze to death,  
Susanna, don't you cry.*

"Walter," she said by way of greetings, dry-eyed. "How much money you got?" he asked her, not moving his head. The one that had come out to the car and brought her inside stood over next to a metal filing cabinet, looking sideways at the girl's black patent leather heels and new green Easter dress and Walter's old, bulky sweater. She looked through her black patent leather purse but found little.

"Four dollars and some change," she said. She looked at them one by one, for some hint of what was going to happen. At a big wooden desk nearby, the big wooden desk sergeant wrote methodically on a sheaf of yellow and white papers.

"I got less than that," Walter said. "The fine is twelve-seventy-five. Can you believe that?" He shook his head and smiled sardonically. "Twelve-seventy-five or spend the night in jail."

The girl's eyes lighted up as she folded her arms, and her patent leather heels clicked out a slow circle on the concrete floor.

*Oh, Susanna,  
If 10 + 3 don't set me free,  
I'll spend the night in jail!*

The desk sergeant spoke in a sonorous voice, without lifting his head from the papers. "Seems like a boy your age drivin' around a car like that ought to have some money."

"Money!" the girl said smugly, "Why, Walter's father could buy the 15th precinct." She laughed silently as has looked around the shabby yellow room. From other parts of the police station, she could hear the muffled sounds of doors shutting and footsteps clicking down the concrete corridor.

"You want to call your father to come down and bail you out?" the desk sergeant went on absently, pushing his phone over toward the boy.

"When I want to get ahold of some money I can get ahold of some money," Walter said lazily. "But I'd spend the night locked up before I'd give you guys a quarter to split fifty-fifty and put in your pockets."

"You better shut up right now, sonny, or you'll be here a week for drunkenness and contempt," the other policeman warned.

Walter yawned and stretched. "I'm not drunk and I wasn't speeding," he said. "If you guys spent more time chasing thugs down in Southeast instead of setting speed traps for college kids, people'd be safe on the streets around here at night."

*Continued on Page 33*

## Employees and Entrepreneurs

by Sylvia Pridgin

Although to some students June may seem infinitely far in the future, to many employers it may as well be here now. The planning manager already has his summer staff prepared to go into money-making action, much to the disillusionment of the long lines at the Placement Office.

In the limited field of summer opportunity, the proverbial bird catches the proverbial worm before the worm thinks about raising its head in the spring. The smart bird, according to Colonel John Reed, director of the Placement Office, goes digging for the fattest worms in January.

"Students should start thinking in terms of summer jobs as soon as they return from Christmas vacation. We try to have books available for them here in the office, and usually have the first summer job bulletin published in January."

The Placement Office assists an inestimable number of students in obtaining summer work. Colonel Reed explained that it is impossible to approximate the number of students who receive employment as a result of the assistance of the office, for those students who do procure work rarely run back to home base to report the good news.

"They're satisfied because they've found a job. Their company's satisfied because they've found a worker. But we don't know how many we place, because we don't get a report from either of the two," said Colonel Reed.

In detailing the work of the Placement Office, the director cited student responsibility as the most effective means of obtaining employment. "When a student comes here, we offer him everything we have in the way of showing him what and where the opportunities are. This office isn't like a grocery store; the students can't come here, look at the jobs listed on the shelves, pick one up and put it in his grocery cart. We offer the materials for as many types of jobs in as many different places as possible. It is then the student's re-

sponsibility to find the job he wants."

Many jobs available to college students are related to recreational and camp opportunities and to factory and migrant work. Lifeguards and camp counselors are usually in demand, and companies selling household products can always use a few extra road men. Construction companies snap up football players for tough road work, while capably cute coeds latch onto waitress-hostess positions.

According to Colonel Reed, the wage scale varies with the type and place of work. He warned students who go overseas not to expect to become financial magnates.

"A student can rarely break even if he works in Europe. I can't think of a way to get over there for less than \$400, and it's almost impossible for a student to accumulate \$400 for three months' work."

Those students who work in their native land can expect an income ranging from \$15 a week to \$1000 a summer.

"The average camp job pays anywhere from \$15 to \$25 a week, in addition to room and board. Those with more specialized training who work, for instance, as water safety directors, may expect \$50 to \$70 a week. This is usually the average income for park recreational workers, too."

Uncle Sam is one of the highest paying employers, but he limits his opportunities to junior men who have outstanding ability in sciences or mathematics and to those women who can type or take shorthand fast enough to land a temporary secretarial job.

The most fortunate students may be those college juniors who show extraordinary talent and ability and who will be considered prospects for "joining the firm." Last summer one junior found his own lode of gold in a large, richly endowed corporation. The company offered \$300 a month, all expenses paid, the use of an automobile for the summer period, and promises of a bonus at the completion of the summer's work.

Students who have found summer jobs are still the exception to the rule. For the jobless majority, Colonel Reed advises working at home.

"All factors being equal, I'd suggest that stu-

*Continued on Page 31*

# Worlds In Collision

## — Fifteen Years Later

by Betty Owen

*Who determines scientific truth? Does a non-scientist have the right to challenge the scientific community's pet theories? The history of the controversial book *Worlds in Collision* raises these questions, central to the mid-twentieth century.—Ed.*

Immanuel Velikovsky's controversial best-seller *Worlds in Collision*, published by Macmillan Company in 1950, introduced a revolutionary cosmogical scheme based on unusual evidence: literature of ancient peoples around the globe, sacred books of the Orient and Occident, classical literature, northern epics, primitive traditions and folklore, and old astronomical inscriptions and charts.

The book was an immediate success, but it precipitated an academic uproar that has rarely been equaled. *Worlds in Collision* became Macmillan's best seller in the non-fiction category; but subsequent pressure from academicians and scholars on Macmillan's vulnerable textbook division forced the company to relinquish its rights to publication in order to preserve its academic reputation. Macmillan sold the rights to its biggest money-maker to Doubleday, which had no textbook division.

Before the book was published, Velikovsky had submitted the manuscript to the late John J. O'Neill, science editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and Gordon Atwater, then curator of Hayden Planetarium and chairman of the Department of Astronomy of the American Museum of Natural History, for their professional criticism. They had recommended the book for publication, and the final contract was drawn and signed.

Shortly afterward, Otto Struve, then director of Yerkes Observatory at the University of Chicago, wrote letters to both O'Neill and Atwater, requesting them to refute their recommendations. At this time Atwater was already planning a planetarium program to depict the events of *World in Collision*. His planetarium program was scuttled immediately, and during the last week of March he was summarily fired from both his positions with the museum.

O'Neill wrote a favorable review of the book for the *Tribune* scheduled to appear on April 2, but Sunday readers of the paper read instead a scathing review by Struve.

Subtle academic pressure reached such heights that *Worlds in Collision*, on top of the best seller list for 20 successive weeks, failed to be mentioned



in *Britannica's Book of the Year* discussion of outstanding publications.

One would have to read the literature "of the hundred years that followed Copernicus' work to assemble an equivalent collection of bizarre and ridiculous arguments used in the refutation of a theory," wrote Livio C. Stecchini in *The American Behavioral Scientist* of the subsequent controversy.

Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin prepared a point by point criticism of a portion of the text by which she purportedly discredited the book. Yet she deliberately misrepresented and distorted the given passage. She even implied that Velikovsky, in one paragraph, suppressed some material which might damage his case, even though that same material appeared in the very next paragraph of his book.

Scores of other scientists based their arguments against *Worlds in Collision* on her rather questionable reputation of the book. Worse still, scholars even admitted to condemning the book without having read or even skimmed it. May academicians based their opinions upon short, highly popularized articles instead of reading the book itself.

While the percentage of scientists who supported Velikovsky was admittedly modest, his opposition made no real effort to disprove his theories through scientific testing, a procedure which the author urged. (Velikovsky, having no position with a university or scientific research center then or now, could not perform the experiments which could validate his theories scientifically.)

The cosmological theory which caused the uproar would upset some of the long established theories of Newton, Lyell, and Darwin. Eric Labee, in "Scientists in Collision: Was Velikovsky Right?" in the August, 1963 issue of *Harper's*, summarized the major points of Velikovsky's thesis:

(1) The Earth has undergone repeated catastrophes which have shaken its entire fabric, contorted its crust, displaced seas, decimated animal and human populations, even interrupted Earth's orderly rotation, reversing the poles and lengthening its orbit, changing direction of cardinal points and the duration of day and year.

(2) Several catastrophes have taken place within the memory of mankind, 34 and 27 centuries ago, and are described and reflected in legends and historical texts.

(3) One of the most devastating catastrophes occurred in the second millennium B. C. when Venus, newly born by explosion from the planet Jupiter and trailing meteorites and gases and moving in an eccentric orbit, twice passed close to earth.

(4) Only after repeated encounters with other planets did Venus settle down to its present position and orbit.

(5) A full accounting of this theory must revolutionize nearly every field of human knowledge, overturning principles long considered to be axiomatic, negating the work of generations of scientists and fundamentally revising Man's conception of his origins and fate.

In the ensuing fifteen years since *Worlds in Collision* was published, many discoveries have verified a large portion of Velikovsky's theory. For example, in 1950 Velikovsky maintained that Venus was a very recent planet, created within the history of the earth, with a high surface temperature and a very slow or nonexistent rotation about its axis owing to its comparative youth and the violence of its birth pangs. In 1962 Mariner II proved that the surface temperature of Venus was not comparable to the earth's or slightly warmer, but 800 degrees Fahrenheit.

In 1946 Velikovsky stated that Venus was rich with petroleum gases and hydrocarbon dust. In February, 1963, Mariner II experimenter Lewis D. Kaplan concluded on the basis of experimental data that the clouds of Venus must consist of heavy hydrocarbons and more complex organic compounds.

In a 1953 lecture to the Graduate College at Princeton, Velikovsky suggested the probability that the planet Jupiter emitted radio signals. In 1954 Velikovsky asked Albert Einstein, with whom he carried on a friendly correspondence, for help in having Jupiter surveyed by radio astronomers. Then in April, 1955, two scientists at Carnegie Institute announced the discovery of radio emissions from Jupiter but did not acknowledge Velikovsky's prior prediction of their results.

In 1956 Velikovsky, with the aid of Harry H. Hess of the Department of Geology at Princeton, submitted a memorandum to the American Committee for the International Geophysical Year suggesting that the earth's magnetic field might be stronger above the ionosphere and have effects

*Continued on Page 34*



*Summer - Continued*

dents return home to obtain work. By residing at home, the student may defray living expenses and can possibly save everything he may earn from his endeavors. Otherwise, the earned income would be consumed in the cost of room and board."

What about those lucky few who have landed summer jobs? They can predict, sometimes with amusing accuracy, what they will be doing two months hence and can list some unusual occupations.

One student makes no bones about the type of work he plans. He envisions a summer with shovel in hand, in association with the Delaware Archeological Society, digging up the skeletons of Indians. Another entrepreneur may also have a shovel in hand, but in a different region of the United States. He had hoped for some kind of deep work which would utilize the knowledge he has amassed from the psychology department. Although he is assured now of a job, he reports that his future looks black. He will shovel in a Kentucky coal mine.

Apple picking is reserved for those with the skilled hands of a neurosurgeon. One pre-med coed feels that she is getting a head start in resorting to Eve's original occupation and reports

that apple picking is very fruitful work.

The analytical skills of one political scientist may be put to work on the crew of a Norfolk shipbuilding firm, although this student reports that he is "not overly excited about his job."

On the Pacific Coast, one may find Wake Forest students in the Ernie Ford pea-picking tradition. California is the land of sunshine and cannery and pea plants. The demand is great for students who can pluck the pea pods for 15 hours a day.

Those collegians who find work too difficult to obtain have resorted either to the resorts or to the occupation of professional student. Wake Forest will have a substantial population in June, while American University, the University of Miami, and no doubt, the University of California at Santa Monica may claim their share. Two coeds plan to skip the country to obtain quality points. They will receive an up-to-date education in an antiquated German castle.

For those who still shrink or shrink at the word "summer employment," there remains a glimmer of hope in the return to campus next September. To compensate for lost time and loss of funds, the Placement Office will have available a fascinating book entitled *100 Proven Ways to Boost Your Campus Income*.

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Rella had led Bonnet past the house before Amy seemed to be close again. They walked until they found the start of the path into the woods. From there they could see the back of the Wythe farmhouse, its outhouse and back pasture. They could see the figures of Gray and Papa working down the rows of tobacco.

"You going home?"

"Sure, why not?"

"What will your mother say?"

"I don't even think she'll find out. Mrs. Mackey'll let it pass over maybe."

"No, I think she's mad this time."

"How's she going to get to the house?"

"She'll get there."

"I don't think so. I bet she won't."

Rella's mother was not acting at all as expected.

She had a switch held calmly between both hands behind her back. She looked as if she were ready to play "button, button." Rella couldn't tell anything from her mother's face, but she couldn't ignore the switch.

"Do you know Mrs. Mackey over in Lullybranch?"

"Lullybranch?"

"You know where I mean."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Mrs. Mackey said you threw rocks at her children."

"I didn't."

"Are you sure? She said you did. Is she lying?"

"They threw rocks at us first!"

"But that doesn't mean you have to throw rocks back."

"I threw one rock. She's lying if she said I threw rocks at her children. I threw one rock, and it hit one kid."

"Why?"

Why. This question was a problem. How much could you tell a mother so that she would understand but not be mad? Everything made sense, looking back at it. But it wouldn't if Rella told outright what had happened. *We were walking. Amy dared me to call them dirty. I didn't want to, so she did. Then they threw a rock at us, and we threw one back.* Simple, but she'd get a whipping.

"Amy dared me."

"So. Did you call them names? She said you did that too."

"Amy did that. I threw the rock."

"All right. You have a choice. You can either get switched or not go any place with Amy any more."

"But Amy's my friend."

"I know. Make up your mind. You'll just have to be careful when you ride. Do you want to get a whipping, or do you want to forget about Amy?"

"But if I don't get whipped and don't ever go riding with her again, what will she do?" Who'd lend her a horse?

"Just think about it . . . then say what you want to do."

Her mother's face was softened, but she didn't see it. Only the switch was visible, trimmed down and ready to sing when it sliced through the air. It came from a peach tree; that had been her mother's switch tree too. She'd told her once.

The next day's morning was clean. No mist. All she had to do was coax Bonnet out of the stall. Sturbonest animal in the world. He knew what a switch felt like too. She saw her mother come from the house and water the calla lilies. That's where they were yesterday, backed by the side of the house and its border of callas.

Amy would come in a while.

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*Legions - Continued*

"Okay, sonny," the desk sergeant said; his face flushed angrily above the tight khaki collar. He stood up and shuffled some papers and motioned to the other policeman. "Lock 'im up."

"C'mon," the other cop grunted, jerking Walter up by his arm and thrusting him through the door.

"Watch it!" the boy hissed, twisting his arm away from the officer's rude grasp.

"I suppose you'll want to call your parents to come get you," the desk sergeant said to the girl, still busy at his papers. "You can use this phone here."

She looked indignantly back at the man, now pre-occupied at the metal filing cabinet, then walked slowly out the door and exultantly followed the legionnaire who was leading Walter away.

*Then they came up and laid hands on Jesus and seized him. And behold, one of those who were with Jesus stretched out his hand and drew his sword, and struck the slave of the high priest, and cut off his era. Then Jesus said to him, "Put your sword back into its place; for all who take the sword will perish by the sword. Do you think that I cannot appeal to my Father, and he will at once send me more than twelve legions of angels?"*

She drew Walter's sweater closer around her and folded her arms, her heels clicking empty on the concrete some distance behind them.

"The District Attorney's a good friend of my father's," Walter was saying to the cop. "Believe me, you guys are gonna hear about this."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," the cop replied, opening a heavy metal door and shoving the youth down a corridor lined with cells.

"This is really gonna sound good to the D. A. — you guys bringing citizens in her and pushing them around like this." There were five cells on each side, nearly all empty. The officer opened one at the end, swung the heavy barred door open, and Walter walked in.

*The D. C. jail is cold and damp,  
Oh not an inch is dry . . .*

She closed her eyes, standing there awkwardly behind the officer, and relished the metallic clank of the cell door and the rich jingle of the key turning in the iron lock.

*The livelong night without a lamp,  
Susanna, don't you cry!*

She moved slowly to a small wooden bench that sat against the wall at the end of the corridor, next to Walter's cell.

The cop turned and saw her as he started to leave. "You better come on and call somebody to come get you, young lady," he said. "This is no place for you."

"All right, in a minute," she told him, relaxing on the bench. She adjusted her shawl and took off her bonnet, spread the flowing skirts and petticoats around the bench and laid her gay parasol on the bench beside her.

"You're not supposed to be back here," the cop told her.

"All right," she said. "In a minute."

He turned the corner and left finally, his footsteps fading down the concrete corridor, and the girl heard again the clink of spurs retreating. Or was it just the jingle of the jailer's huge key ring? She looked up at the row of rusted light fixtures on the concrete ceiling and hummed softly to herself, a smile of contentment curving her lips.

*Susanna in the hangin' crowd  
wore a dress of blue . . .*

He was stretched out on the cot against the far wall, with his shoes kicked off. "No sense getting your folks up this late," he said, his arms folded comfortably behind his head. "Call up my old man and he'll come down her and get you out of this cruddy place."

*Standing 'neath the gallows  
Singing "I'll be true to you."*

"But I don't want to go home."

His voice carried a tone of irritation that echoed through the empty cells. "Don't be silly — you have to go home. They're not gonna lock you up."

She thought of getting in the car beside Mr. Benton, driving off down the empty city streets leaving Walter alone on the cot in the jail.

*"Wash therefore and anoint yourself,  
and put on your best clothes and go forth  
to the threshing floor; but do not make  
yourself known to the man until he has  
finished eating and drinking . . ."*

"No."

"Just where do you think you're gonna stay?" he demanded.

*"But when he lies down, observe the place  
where he lies; then, go and uncover his  
feet and lie down; and he will tell you  
what to do."*

*Legions - Continued*

"Right here."

"Be serious, for God's sake. They won't let you stay here another five minutes. Go call the old man. He won't get mad if you call him."

She stood up and went over to his bars and grasped two of them in her hands, standing in front of his cell. She looked at him, hard, lingering over the sight of him there.

*Standing 'neath the gallows*

*Singing, "I'll be true to you."*

"You know what'll happen, Walter — you know your father'll take you home, too. He won't let you stay here overnight — he'll pay the twelve dollars and seventy-five cents and bail you out."

"Walter shrugged and squirmed on the cot in his cell. "That's his business and his money. Cot's getting to feel pretty hard, anyway."

*Do you think that I cannot appeal to my  
Father and he will at once send me more  
than twelve legions of angels?*

She looked at him pleadingly, but he was slipping away, only yawning and lying on the cot in the concrete and iron cell for the time being. "But Walter, you don't want that!" As dawn came they could watch the sky turn from black to gray to blue beyond the window bars. "They'll let you go tomorrow, you won't have to pay a cent."

Down at the end of the row of cells, the officer appeared in the doorway. "You'll have to come along out of there now, miss." He stood and waited for her to come.

"Go on and call the old man," Walter ordered again, no patience left in his voice at all.

*Oh, Susanna,*

*Oh don't you cry for me . . .*

She stood back from the cell and once more looked at him imprisoned, locked up behind bars, arrested and put in jail.

*Oh, Susanna,*

*Oh don't—*

She turned and walked away from him and then, her heels clicking empty on the concrete floor of the corridor, she followed the officer back to the bright room with the ugly yellow walls, listening with a sadly curious smile to the faint jungling sound that seemed to come from very far away.

*Worlds in Collision - Continued*

as far as the Moon. In 1958 the magnetospheres were discovered by James A. Van Allen, whose name they bear.

The list of verifications of Velikovsky's theories is extensive, and involves the origin of petroleum deposits on earth, reversals of the earth's poles in historical times, a revision in the dates of the last glacial period, and in the age of the Pre-Columbian civilizations of Central America, and a questioning of the Darwinian theory of evolution in favor of a much more rapid evolutionary development.

Velikovsky is still at work defending his theories. In 1955 he published *Earth in Upheaval*, a presentation of geological evidence for his theory. In 1962 he published *Ages in Chaos*, the first of three volumes which argues for a revised chronology of Egypt's Middle Kingdom and the accession of Alexander the Great.

Though Velikovsky's name still brings a grimace to the faces of the majority of scientists, he has been gathering supporters who have rallied to his defense as evidence has accumulated in his favor.

Professor H. H. Hess, chairman of the Department of Geology of Princeton University, wrote to Velikovsky:

I am not about to be converted to your form of reasoning though it certainly has had successes . . . I suspect the merit lies in that you have a good basic background in the natural sciences and you are quite uninhibited by the prejudices and probability taboos which confine the thinking of most of us.

The passage of the last fifteen years has verified much of Velikovsky's cosmological theory. Perhaps the next fifteen years will establish clearly his rank in respect to such cosmogonists as Plato, Aquinas, Bruno, Descartes, Newton, and Kant.

*Church and College — Continued*

ing into the dialogue of the community. Wake Forest is justified in demanding that the quality of the academic community which it is establishing be characterized by responsibility, but it can not insist that this community possess a "wholesome Baptist atmosphere."

The question remains, of course, as to whether Wake Forest is justified in calling itself a "Christian college" and if it can, in what ways it can distinguish itself as "Christian" without jeopardizing its academic integrity.

There is no sense in which Christianity can be equated with sectarianism and provincialism. Many people have erroneously equated genuine Christianity with external structures such as compulsory chapel and a Protestant faculty, failing to consider the elements of freedom and choice which underly Christian commitment.

Christian faith does not need an artificial environment in which to exist, but Wake Forest evidently feels compelled to provide a veritable hothouse in which students may develop a "vital and relevant faith" protected from "sex, sin, and secularism."

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*Fratavia — Continued*

ing member of the fairer sex could become a member of a Sociata. This openness did not please the Sociata leaders. After all, they reasoned, what good was an organization if people were not excluded?

After studying the organizations and customs of this society, sociologists have found the causes of their decline and extinction most interesting. As Magnolda became larger and less regional, the Fratavia and Sociata remained fairly static. Other tribes who settled in the village were excluded from these organizations on rather flimsy bases, physical make-up, different idols, and such. The discrimination appears to have been severe and pointed, robbing these groups of some better minds and bodies in the community and inadvertently building up the ranks of the despised Gdis.

The foremost cause, however, was a mental disease, academia. Although some Fratavians were able to adjust individually, as a whole Fratavia presented a united opposition to the plague.

Probably, they could have adapted themselves to it, but the disease destroyed them. Unfortunately, we can only speculate on the fate of their lovely counterparts, the Sociata.

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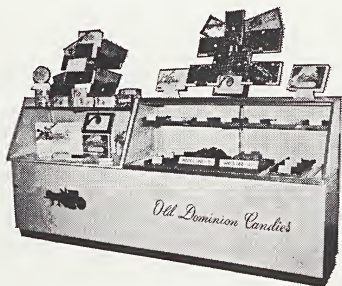
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